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CHUMS:

A FARCICAL COMEDY

IN 3 ACTS, 7 SCENES.

BY

WM. J. GOING,
AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

BENNINGTON:
YOUTH'S FRIEND PUB. CO.
1888.

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CHARACTERS.

MICHAEL McCARTHY,
TERRENCE O'RAFFERTY, } Two Chums, Irish.
LAWYER LAWSUIT.
HANS, a German.
JUDGE BROWN.
COPPER McGRAW, an Irish Policeman.
DICK, a Negro.
AH SING, a Chinaman.
SOPHIA,
MARIA, } Two Young Ladies.
JANE, Servant Girl.
LANDLORD.
JIM, Baggageman.
JAKE, His Pal.
FIREMEN.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I., Scene 1.—How are you, O'Rafferty?—Bad Mick ate onions!—Can you change a twenty-dollar bill?—We 'll go to the picnic. Scene 2.—That 's more than you 've got.—Oh, I wo' n't forget it!—Just let me sliver it once.—Say, how do you run it?—McCarthy, you look bad.—O'Rafferty, will you swing me?—Right this way, ladies! Right this way?—Half a dollar, boss!—How is your shoulder?—The Copper McGraw.—The arrest.—Black soda.—Me lovee Melican girl likee devil.—The greased pole.—Irish, I vant to say something.—Where is your license?—Go for him, O'Rafferty!

Act II., Scene 1.—De Irishman he make all dot trouble.—Yes, we lawyers have a great capacity.—Are you the baggageman?—He lies! He lies!—McCarthy's trunk.—Oh, what a steer!—A historical pun.—Train going west.—Oh, you horrid beast!—Tickets! Tickets!—The robbers.—Hush!—Throw him in the trunk!—Oh, murder, Oi 'm kilt!—All aboard!

Act III., Scene 1.—Did you lose your trunk, McCarthy?—Do you want another case?—He anticipates a drink.—What in the devil—No, it 's in the lawyer!—The plot.—Why do n't you stuff him?—Aisy, now! Aisy!—Oh, the devil!—Fo' de Lawd's sake! Give me a room.—Please to register.—Now handle that aisy. Scene 2.—Ach, mein Gott! Spooks mit de trunk!—Your father stole sheep. Scene 3.—There is nothing like a solid smoke.—Did you ring, sir?—Where 's me pipe?—Get out, you hypocrite!—You are my prisoner.—Fire! Fire! Scene 4.—When does the menagerie open?—Did you hear a laugh?—Five hundred dollars.—His pantaloons.—What 's the matter with whiskey?—I' ll fine you for contempt of court.—Justice! Justice!—One moment.—Not guilty.—Order! Order in the court!—Oh, let me out!

SCENES AND PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

Scene 1. Street in 1.

Scene 2. Picnic Ground in 3. Two double bench seats; swing; soda-water stand; string-brush; two guns; two fish-poles; one fish; one long black bottle; whiskey glasses.

ACT II.

Scene 1. Railroad Depot. Two trunks; seats; lanterns; baggage check; ticket office; McCarthy's trunk.

ACT III.

Scene 1. Office in hotel in 3. Chairs; desk; register; pen; ink.

Scene 2. Hotel corridor in 1.

Scene 3. Bedroom in 3. Bed; washstand; pitcher; washbowl; towel; chair; club; pipe; tobacco.

Scene 4. Courtroom in 4. Judge's stand; books; table; chairs; bedquilts; wreck of the fire; handcuffs.

CHUMS.

ACT I, SCENE 1.—*Street in* 1. *Music, quickstep. Enter* R. 1 E. MICHAEL MCCARTHY. *Enter* L. 1 E. TERRENCE O'RAFFERTY. *Meet at* C.

McCARTHY. Well, 'pon me sowl, 'Rafferty, an' how does you do? (*They shake hands.*)

O'RAFFERTY. First rate, me ould sweeper. How are you?

Mc. Oh, sure Oi feel four times better than first rate.

O'RAFF. Well, Oi 'm glad to hear it. How is your woife?

Mc. Oh, good, man, good.

O'RAFF. Well, Oi 'm glad to hear that. Of course, as long as you manage to agree, it 's all right.

Mc. Do you mean to say that me woife an' Oi disagree?

O'RAFF. (*tragically*). Well, Oi have heard it whispered that your woife was in the habit of enforcing her opinions with something tougher than her fist.

Mc. Waat do you mane be that?

O'RAFF. A brick.

Mc. Do you mane to say that Oi, Micheal McCarthy, would strike me woife with a brick?

O'RAFF. Oh! ho! The divil! You—you strike! Ha! ha! ha! No, bejabers! Oi heard that she struck you.

Mc. Mr. O'Rafferty, Oi 'll have you understand, sir, that all slurs and insinuations reflecting upon the domestic relations of me and my woife are received with supreme displeasure and disgust by Mr. McCarthy.

O'RAFF. (*very meekly*). Well, Oi only said what Oi heard.

Mc. Well, Oi heard what you said, an' Oi don't want to hear it again.

O'RAFF. An' why?

Mc. Because you might rile me; an' if you rile me, you 'll find me a very disagreeable sort av a man.

O'RAFF. Oh! ho! Bad Mick—bad Mick ate onions!

Mc. Yis; an' Oi 'd ate you, if you were in a healthy condition.

O'Raff. Oh, you would! Well, maybe you had better postpone your lunch.

Mc. Well, be the way you 're looking, Oi think Oi had.

O'Raff. Oh, stop your gutter gush and listen to me!

Mc. What do you want me to listen to?

O'Raff. To what Oi 'm going to tell you.

Mc. Well, go aisy. Roll it out on a plank.

O'Raff. There 's going to be a picnic

Mc. When?

O'Raff. Day after to-morrow.

Mc. Where?

O'Raff. Down at Quibbledash Junction, three miles below. You know where it is. We 'll start this afternoon, an' we 'll spend two days fishing and hunting, and then wind up with the picnic. Come along! We 'll have a racket!

Mc. (*aside*). Yis: an' Oi 'il have to pay for it!

O'Raff. Av course, you know Oi 'll pay for everything. But you wo' n't let me. Sure, Oi can see it right in your eyes! You niver let me stand any av the expinse!

Mc. (*looks at him*). Oh, av course! You are always ready to stand the expense! Oh, yes: you always are!

O'Raff. Well, as Oi 've a little business to attend to, Oi 'll go. (*Walks pers*). Oi 've ten thousand with me, an' Oi must go an' make a deposit. (Mc. *looks at him*). So Oi 'll meet you at Casey's in half an hour. And Oi say, McCarthy, bring your trunk along, for we may nade it before we get back. We may stay over night, like we did the last time we went down that way. You remember?

Mc. Oh, yes. We needed a trunk that time, eh?

O'Raff. Yis; and we nailed it full av clothes, too.

Mc. Yes: you bet we did. Ha! ha! ha!

O'Raff. Sure, all Oi had left was a shirt an' a pants.

Mc. Ha! ha! ha!

O'Raff. Oh, yes: Oi had a pair av suspenders.

Mc. Oh, yis, Oi remember. (*Laughs loudly*).

O'Raff. Oh, yis, do you remember my coat? You wore it home, an' Oi have n't seen it since. (O'Raff. *exit* R. 1 E.)

Mc. (*stops laughing rather suddenly. Looks after him and exclaims*). Well, if Oi don't, you 're the boy that 'll remind me av it! Look at that, now, after keeping him in clothes for the last ten years; but he 's right about the trunk. Sure, we did n't get back for a week. But what does Oi care? Sure, a man that has lots of money do' n't care where he spends it.

(*Music, quickstep. Enter* L. 1 E. Lawyer Lawsuit. *Approaches* McCarthy; *exclaims*).

Lawyer. Oh, Mr. McCarthy! you are the gentleman I have been looking for. I have been running around here for the last

half hour, trying to get a twenty-dollar bill changed. Can you oblige me?

Mc. (*aside*). Oh, Lord! where did he get twenty dollars? (*To* Lawyer). Yis, lawyer: Oi think Oi can. (*Looks; exclaims*). No. Oi 'm sorry, lawyer, Oi 'm just a dollar an' a half short.

Lawyer. Oh, never mind the dollar and a half. Keep it. You are quite welcome to it. Probably you can do as much for me sometime.

Mc. (*handing him the money*). Well, here you are.

Lawyer. Oh, thank you. I shall remember the favor. Ta, ta! (*Exit*, R. 1 E., Lawyer).

Mc. (*looking over money*). Now, Oi wonder where he got that bill. I 'm sure Oi do n't care. I 'll——Oh, Moses! that bill is bad! Well, now, do 'nt that bate the divil! (*Looks at it*). So Oi was quite welcome to it, was Oi? That little dollar and a half did n't amount to anything, eh? No. But that little eighteen dollars and a half does. He 'll remember the favor—so will Oi. (*Looks in direction of* R. 1 E.; *exclaims*). Oh! o-o-oh! oh! ho! *Exit* Mc. R. 1 E.

(*Raise, Scene on Picnic Ground.*)

Scene II. *Picnic Ground in* 3. *Seats at* R. 1 *and* 2 E.; *swing at* L *of* R. F. E. *through wood; soda-water stand at* L. 2 E.; *soda-water bottles on* R. *of stand; string attached to them, and worked from* L. 2 E. Ah Sing *and* Dick *are discovered at stand*, Dick *in very flashy style, loud cravat. He exclaims.*

Now, Singey, you want to tend to this business in good shape.

Ah Sing. Alle lighte. Me slap up sode.

Dick. You do, an' I 'll give you half of de proceeds. See?

Ah. Alle lighte. Alle same, me want half a jingle.

Dick. Oh, sure! sure! (*Exit*, L. 3 E., Dick.)

Dick (*outside, exclaims*). Look out dar, Irish! Do n't you go fooling 'roun' me: you heah? Go away; put down dat gun!

Report of a gun outside. Enter, L. 3 E., DICK, *running. Exit* R. 3 E. MCCARTHY'S *voice outside.*

Hold on now, O'Rafferty! You 'll hurt some one with that. Put it down!

Enter, 1. 3 E., O'RAFFERTY *and* MCCARTHY, *wearing long linen dusters, pea-jackets and hunting-caps, pants inside their boots;* O'RAFFERTY *with a gun in his hand, fish in pocket of duster;* MCCARTHY *a gun, two fishpoles.* MC. *exclaims.*

Be careful, O'Rafferty, that 's dangerous. You 'll shoot something.

O'RAFF. Oh, no danger! I 've been trying to shoot something for the last two days, and have n't succeeded. (*Sees* AH SING.) Oh, bejabers! Oi 'll shoot something now! (*Points the gun at him; exclaims*). Chinese must go! (MC. *catches hold of the gun; exclaims.*

Look out there, O'Rafferty! That 'll go off!

O'RAFF. So will the Chinaman.

(MC., *dropping his gun and fishpole, takes hold of* O'RAFF.'S *gun; exclaims.*)

Now, put it down, O'Rafferty! You 'll hurt some one.

O'RAFF. Oh, just let me slice him once.

MC. No, man: 't would be a crime.

AH *(from behind stand).* Damme foole, putte down gun!

O'RAFF. Oi say, McCarthy, let me sliver them bottles.

MC. (*looks at bottles; laughs; exclaims*). Oh, no: sure it would n't be right, O'Rafferty. (*Lets go of the gun.*) I would n't like to see you do it. (O'RAFF. *raises the gun.*) You might break the bottles! (O'RAFF. *fires; uses string to fall the bottles.* MC. *laughs.* AH *shouts.*)

Oh, helle! (*Gets down under stand. Enter,* R. 3 E., DICK. AH *jumps up; exclaims.*)

Dicke, alle same damme Ilishman shoote sode!

(DICK *runs to stand; looks; exclaims.*)

Who done that?

AH. Billy Ilishman. (*Points at* O'RAFF.)

(DICK *crosses to* O'RAFF; *exclaims.*)

Say, Irish, do you know what you are doing?

O'RAFF. No: do you?

DICK. That 's what I do! An' I want you to distinctly un'erstan' that I 'm a running that stand.

(*Walks over to stand.* O'RAFF. *to* MC.)

Say, hould this gun.

(Mc. *takes gun; puts gun and fishpole outside.* O'Raff. *puts his hand on the fish; advances to* Dick; *exclaims.*)

So you run this place, do you?

Dick. That 's what I do. I want you to understand it, an' do n't you forget it!

O'Raff. Oh, I wo' n't forget it.

(Mc., *crossing over behind them, exclaims.*)

Sixteen-foot ring. Mayor of Squedunck rules. There 's going to be a fight. (*Sticks his head in between them; listens.*)

O'Raff. Say, how do you run it? On wheels?

(Dick *sees the fish; exclaims.*)

I run you on wheels in about a minute!

O'Raff. Oh, ho! Will you? (*Strikes at him with fish;* Dick *steps back.* Mc., *who has been looking in between them, receives the blow in the face; he staggers back; falls:* O'Raff. *exclaims.*)

Oh, murther! (*Stoops over* Mc. Dick *runs behind stand; exclaims.*)

This is very exciting! (*Pulls up long black bottle; pours out a drink.* Ah *comes out; picks up fish; exclaims.*)

Alle same cooke slap bang for dinner! (*Sticks it inside his blouse;* O'Raff. *helps* Mc. *over into the swing.*)

Dick. Singy, come here. 'Tend to business. I 'm going out for a stroll. I 'm excited. (*Starts; stops: points at* O'Raff., *who is rubbing* Mc.'s *head in an affectionate manner: exclaims to* Ah.)

Oh, aint dey sweet!

(O'Raff. *kisses* Mc. *on the lips:* Dick *yells.*)

Oh, what a stomach he must have! (*Exit* L. 3 E.)

Ah. Melican man damme foole! Me bely much excitee. (*Takes out black bottle: pours out a drink.*)

O'Raff. McCarthy, you look bad. You must be in a delicate condition. Come, have a drink!

(Mc. *jumps out of the swing:* O'Raff. *looks at him: exclaims aside.*)

Oh Lord! just mention a drink, and he seems to have as much life as ten men.

(*Cross to stand.* O'Raff. *exclaims.*)

Give us something stout.

(Ah *hands out a stick.*)

O'Raff Put that back and give us something to drink.

(Ah *sets up bottle and glasses. They fill and drink.*)

Mc. That 's good. Let 's have another.

(*They fill and drink.*)

Ah. Melican man get excitee soone quick.

O'Raff. Take some more: 't will do you good.

(*They fill and drink.* Mc. *acts as though getting drunk; rubs his head; exclaims.*)

Once more!

(*They fill and drink.* Mc., *leaning against stand, exclaims, while rubbing his head.*)

Say, O'Rafferty, that was n't right.

O'Raff. What?

Mc. Striking me with that fish.

O'Raff. Why, McCarthy, that was an accident.

Mc. No: it was not. Do n't you suppose Oi know what it was? Did n't Oi feel it?—all soft, just like a fish. Oi know it was a fish.

O'Raff. Oi mean that Oi could n't help it.

Mc. Well, Oi know *that*; but what did you do it for?

O'Raff. Oi could n't help it.

Mc. Oi axed you what did you do it for?

O'Raff. (*mad*). Oi tould you Oi could n't help it!

Mc. (*disgusted*). Ah, you lie! *Crosses over; sits in swing.*)

O'Raff. (*to* Ah). Now, what do you think of that man?

Ah Fifty cent, five whiskey.

O'Raff. You 're welcome to your opinion. (*Pays him.*)

Ah. Bely muche excite! Take in some money. (*Drinks from black bottle.*)

(O'Raff. *staggers up behind swing; folds his arms; looks at* Mc.)

Mc. Oi say, O'Rafferty, will you swing me?

O'Raff. Divil a swing! You 're too drunk to swing. At least, you 'll get no help from me!

Mc. Faith, you 'll swing some day, and you wo' n't be short of help, aither.

O'Raff. Yis: that 's according to your opinion.

Mc. Yis: an' according to my opinion, you 'll be almighty short of breath!

O'Raff. Oh, Oi *will!* Oi 'll give you all the swing you want for that! (*Takes hold of rope attached to swing; stands at* L; *pulls.*)

Mc. Steady, now, O'Rafferty, me bye, steady! (O'Raff. *jerks swing.*) Hold! Oi 'm falling! You hear?

O'Raff. Oh, ho! you bet Oi 'm here! Whoop, you divil, you! Whoop her up!

(*He swings* Mc.; *sends feet back and forth in front of* R. F. E. *through wood.* Mc. *yells.*)

LAWYER (*outside*). Right this way, ladies! Right this way! We shall have a delightful time. Oh, yes! we——

Enter R. F. E. *through wood* LAWYER LAWSUIT. MC.'s *feet strike him on the shoulder.* LAWYER *falls.* HANS, *who is entering, falls over him. The girls scream.*

MC. Bejabers, it 's the lawyer!

(O'RAFF. *jerks swing.* MC. *falls out; shouts.*)

Oh, murther! Oi 'm kilt!

(LAWYER *gets up; exclaims.*)

What does this mean?

HANS (*gets up*). Ya! Vat der tyful ish der matter?

O'RAFF. Excuse yourself. You 're drunk!

LAW. Ladies, I am sorry for bringing you into such low company. But come sit down.

(*They advance to seats at* R. 1 *and* 2 E.)

HANS (*looking at place where he fell*). Ya! Ladies, I vas wery sorry for falling so low myself.

(*They sit down.* LAW. *and* SOPHIA *at* R 1. E. HANS *and* MARIA R. 2 E.)

O'RAFF. (*to* MC). Come, get up and brush off. Do n't you see the girls?

(*Enter* R. F. E. DICK, *advances to soda-stand.*)

MC. (*to* DICK). Come here, nagur, and brush me off.

DICK. You mean me?

MC. Yis.

DICK. You ought to know better than to ask me to do such a thing. Singy, brush off the gentleman's coat.

AH. No blushe. Me sicke.

DICK. Give me de broom.

(AH *hands the brush to him; he brushes; exclaims.*)

Half a dollar, boss.

(MC. *pays him.* O'RAFF. *arranges his collar.*)

LAW. (*very polite*). My colored friend——

DICK (*very tough to* AH). You hear dat, Singy? You hear de way de duffer is playing on his harp? He wo' n't give me a cent. Just watch me now, while I show you de tricks of de trade.

(*He crosses;* LAW. *stands up; exclaims.*)

Be so kind as to brush my coat.

DICK. Yes, sah.

AH. Dicke makee muche money. Me tly. (*Crosses to* SOPHIA; *exclaims.*) Blushe offe?

SOPH. No.

AH. No wante blushe?

SOPH. No!

AH. Awfe dirty, likee shirt.

SOPH. Oh, you horrid man!

LAW. What 's the matter?

SOPH. He insulted me!

LAW. Who? Where is he? Show him to me. Why, I 'll kill him!

(SOPH. *points at* AH. LAW. *starts for him; shouts.*)

What, you heathen!

(AH *runs behind* O'RAFF. LAW. *follows.* O'RAFF. *raises his hand; exclaims.*)

G'on or Oi 'll break your jaw.

(LAW. *looks at him; returns to* SOPH.; *exclaims.*)

O'Rafferty interceded for him; so, of course, I had to let him go.

SOPH. Oh, very well! (*She sits down.*)

(LAW. *bows.* DICK *slaps him on the shoulder; exclaims.*)

Say, boss, a half a dollar.

LAW. Oh, yes! Why, how very forgetful I am! But a—call around at my office to-morrow.

DICK. Half a dollar.

LAW. I said call at my office *to-morrow.*

DICK. I said half a dollar *now!*

LAW. Oh, do n't bother me now! I must devote myself and my time to this young lady.

DICK. Say, boss, if you do n't give me dat half-dollar, I 'll devote just about fifteen minutes of myself and my time to you.

LAW. Well, ah, but — Oh, here 's your money (*Aside*). But I must make it up some way. Oh, I 'll try McCarthy! (*To* SOPH.) Excuse me, please.

SOPH. Certainly.

(LAW. *crosses to* MC.; *exclaims.*)

Mr. McCarthy, was you aware that you had dislocated my shoulder bone?

MC. Oh, git away from here, or Oi 'll dislocate your jaw! Wo' n't we, O'Rafferty?

O'RAFF. Yis: we 'll break your nose.

LAW. Gentlemen, I am not joking. You have caused me serious damage; and unless you settle, I shall sue!

MC. Oh, you will! Well, would you mind making out a few charges for me?

LAW. Oh, not at all! I hope that such a trifle as my having you arrested will not interfere with our friendly business relations.

MC. Oh, no: divil a bit! (*Aside.*) Oh, ho! The cheek that the baste has got!

LAW. Very well, Mr. McCarthy. State your case!

MC. Well, you see there was a gentleman who stopped me on the street about two days ago an' axed me could Oi change a twenty-dollar bill. So Oi tould him to be course Oi could. So Oi gives him the change, all but a dollar and a half. (LAW. *starts.*) And

whin he was gone, Oi diskivered that the bill was bad. Now, what Oi want you to do is this: find that man and prosecute him to——

LAW. Ah, Mr. McCarthy, my shoulder is better, much better, indeed!

MC. Oh, is it, now? Well, that's quare, very quare indeed! But by the way, who is that lady you have over there?

LAW. Ah, well, it do n't make any difference to you. (*Advances to* SOPH.)

MC. (*calls.*) Lawyer!

LAW. Well, what do you want now? (*Advances to* MC.)

MC. Lawyer, Oi must be introjuced to that young lady.

LAW. My dear sir, that is impossible—quite impossible!

MC. Lawyer, *how is your shoulder?*

LAW. Well, as you are an old friend of mine, I believe I shall have to introduce you. Come!

(*Cross to* SOPH. LAW. *exclaims*)

Miss Sophia, allow me to introduce an old friend of mine—a very *old* friend. Miss Sophia, Mr. McCarthy. Mr. McCarthy, Miss Sophia.

(*They bow;* MC. *very polite.*)

MC. Well, lawyer, as Oi 've no further use for you, you may go.

LAW. But I object. I object——

MC. *How is your shoulder?*

LAW. Well, I 'll be hanged! (*He crosses to* L.)

O'RAFF. No doubt. But Oi say, lawyer, my name is O'Rafferty. Oi want an introduction.

LAW. Bah! (*Exit* L. 3 E.)

O'RAFF. Phat the divil ails him? McCarthy axed him how was his shoulder, an' he up an' went loike the divil. There 's something in that. (*Looks at* HANS *and* MARIA; *exclaims with a wink.*) Oi 'll try it! (*He arranges collar.*)

(DICK *and* AH *help themselves from black bottle.* MC. *and* SOPH. *talking very earnestly.* DICK *shouts.*)

Yar 's where yer git yer soder!

AH. Alle samee hot sode watee!

(O'RAFF. *advances to* HANS *and* MARIA; *exclaims.*)

How does yez do, miss?

MAR. Very well.

O'RAFF. It 's a foine day. (*Tries to squeeze in between them.*)

MAR. Very.

HANS. Vat de tyful do you vant, Irish? (*Pushes him away.*)

(O'RAFF. *goes to other side of* MAR.; *exclaims.*)

Would you loike some oice crame, or a mouthful of slippery elm?

HANS. Say, Irish, vat you vant around here? (*Gets up.*)

O'RAFF. (*bracing himself up in front of him*). How is your shoulder?

HANS. Goot. (*Hits him.*)

(O'RAFF. *falls; jumps up; clinches him. They fall*, HANS *on top*.)

MC. Oh, murther! O'Rafferty, at it again!

O'RAFF. (*shouts*). Oh, take him off! Take him off!

(*Enter*, R. 3 E., *the* COPPER MCGRAW; *starts for* O'RAFF. *and* HANS; *exclaims.*)

Here! what in blazes are you doing? Stop it! Stop it! (*Catches* O'RAFF. *by the hair*, HANS *by the collar; pulls them up.*)

O'RAFF. Here! let go av me! Oi 'll break your jaw!

COP. Oh, it 's me jaw you 'll break, is it? Give me another yard av your lip, an' I 'll pull you in!

HANS. Ya! Pull de Irishman in.

COP. (*to* HANS). Shut up, yez Omadhaun! Do n't yez be telling me me business.

MC. (*in a very important manner*). Let yez all hold on. Oi 'm (*pointing to himself*) the man. Just let me talk to the gentleman. (*To* COP.) Now, just hold on, me good man, let you an' me (*points to himself.*) try an' settle this.

COP. G' on, you old snake thafe! Do n't you suppose Oi know you? Why, you 're only three days out of jail. Oh, Oi 'm too fly for you. Oi 'm on to the whole av yez, Oi *am!* (*Suddenly.*) Oi 'll pull 'em in now, anyway! Come along here! (*He pulls them along. Exit*, L. 3 E., COP., O'RAFF. *and* HANS.)

SOPH. Why, what does this mean?

MC. Divil a know Oi know!

MAR. Why did he arrest that dear little man? I did n't care for the other.

MC. My dear young lady, do n't worry. He 'll be back here in two minutes without a stitch on his back.

Both girls. Oh, you horrid man!

MC. Excuse me, ladies. I mean — that is, his clothes will fit him a little scarce, when he comes back. Why, that man was never arrested! He will slip right out of his shirt!

Both girls. Oh, gracious!

MC. Oh, it 's a fact!

SOPH. But he called you a sneak thief?

MC. And do you think that Oi 'm a sneak thafe?

SOPH. Oh, no! no!

MC. Why, av course not. He 's got a grudge agin me. Oi 'll tell you all about it. We 'll sit down.

(*They advance to seats at* R. MC. *stops; exclaims.*)

Oh, but would n't you like some soda water?

Both girls. Oh, no; thanks!

MC. Well, just excuse me 'til Oi quench me thirst wid a little

soda.

SOPH. Oh, certainly!

SOPH. *sits down in seat at* R. MAR. *advances to* C.; *stands; looks in direction of* L. 3 E. MC. *advances to soda-stand; exclaims aside to* AH.

Give me a glass of soda *black* — a little whiskey.

(AH *hands out black bottle and glasses.* DICK *staggers out to* MAR.; *exclaims.*)

Shay, Miss, how you like ze picnic? How you enjoy yourself?

MC. Say, nagur, you attend to your own business. (*Drinks.*)

DICK. No, shir: I do n't 'tend to my business (*hic*). I hires Singy to run my business. Shentlemen never work.

AH. Me makee mashe alle samee likee Dick. (*Comes out from behind stand; advances to* SOPH.; *exclaims with a bow.*) How be? Me likee Melican girl — me lovee Melican girl likee devil! So muche! (*Throws out his arms.* MC. *comes over to* AH; *exclaims.*)

See here, you git! (*Strikes at him.* AH *dodges; runs back.*

DICK (*to* MAR.). Shay, miss, you ought to see me climb she grease pole. Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs.*)

(MC. *takes him by the collar; throws him back; exclaims.*)

Go on, now, or Oi 'll lay you in your grave!

AH (*to* SOPH.). Nicee girl, wante some sodee? (*Very earnestly*). Me give black sode.

(MC. *catches him: throws him back against the stand; exclaims.*)

There, you almond-eyed son of a mandarin, if you attempt to move them woodpiles av yours, (*Points to his feet.*), Oi 'll kill you! (MC. *struts about; exclaims*). Oh, no: maybe Oi aint the stuff! Maybe Oi can 't kill nagurs!

(DICK *runs behind the stand; pulls out bottle; exclaims.*)

This is bery exciting! (*Drinks.* AH *runs up; snatches bottle; puts it to his lips; drinks.* DICK *pulls his hand down: exclaims.*)

What do you mean?

AH. Me bely much excitee! (*Raises it up: drinks.* DICK *snatches it away from him: takes a drink: sets it down. Enter* L. 3 E. LAW., *very excited.*)

MC. What 's the matter, Lawyer.

LAW. O'Rafferty got in a fight with the copper.

MC. Did he get away?

LAW. Well — part of him did.

(Law. *advances to stand; gets a drink. Enter*, L. 2 E., O'Raff., *duster torn all the way up the back; stands in the swing.*)

Mc. (*standing up*). What 's the matter, O'Rafferty?

O'Raff. Oh, just a backache! Where 's your trunk?

Mc. Oi lift it at the dapoo. Sure, we did n't nade it at all!

O'Raff. Oh, we did n't! Well, Oi nade it.

Mc. What 's the matter?

Dick. He wants to hide hisself.

O'Raff. Shut up or Oi 'll step on your physog for you.

Soph. (*to* Mc.) What is he standing there for?

Mc. Yes: come in here, O'Rafferty; do n't be bashful.

Dick. Oh, he aint! His overalls is leaking.

Ah. Alle samee, lilly girl see him suspender! Him shirte no washe!

O'Raff. Oh, ho, you baste! (*Advances to* Mar.; *exclaims*). Excuse me, miss, but Oi had to assist the officer in arresting the Dutchman. (*They sit down.*)

Mc. (*to* Soph.) Oi hope you 'll excuse me, miss.

Soph. Oh, certainly!

Mc. An' now, when you go back to the city, do n't fail to call at my summer residence.

Soph. Thank you.

(Mc. *crosses to* Law.; *exclaims.*)

Well, lawyer, you can attend to that young lady now.

Law. Oh, I can! (*Crosses to* Soph.; *exclaims.*) I hope you will excuse me, miss, but I had some very important business to attend to.

Soph. Oh, certainly!

(*They sit down. Enter*, L. 3 E., Hans, *pretty well torn up; advances to* O'Raff.; *exclaims.*)

Say, Irish, I vant to say something.

O'Raff. Well, say it.

Hans. Vat you take my girl for, and get me arrested?

Mc. They 'll be another fight in just about a minute!

O'Raff. G' on, or Oi 'll step on your neck!

Hans. Vell, you shust get up here! (*Catches* O'Raff. *by the collar. He jumps up. They clinch and fall. Enter*, R. 3 E., Cop.; *rushes on; catches them; pulls them up; exclaims.*)

You 're at it once, you 're at it twice! Oi 'll fix you this trip! (*Handcuffs them together.*) Oi 'll stop this racket that 's going on around here! (*He leaves them; advances to stand.* Dick *crosses to* O'Raff.; *folds his arms; looks at him.*)

Cop. (*to* Ah). Where 's your license?

Ah. No wante licy, only sell a sode.

Cop. Oi 'll see about that! (*Goes behind stand; finds black bottle: exclaims.*)

What 's that?

AH. Him sodee.

COP. G' on. *(Raises his club, then the bottle; drinks.* AH *runs to* DICK*; yells.)*

Dicke, p'liceman steal bottle! Excitee!

(COP. *advances to* C., *holding up bottle; lays hand on* DICK; *exclaims.*)

I arrest you for selling without a license.

DICK. No, you do n't! You must n't think you can arrest the whole town. (*Rushes into the* COP.; *they fall. The girls scream*; *run to* C. F. O'RAFF. *starts for the* COP., *dragging* HANS, *who falls.* LAW. *starts across the stage to* SOPH.; *exclaims.*)

Sophia, do n't you run away from me. (*He falls over* HANS. AH *jumps on top of soda-stand.* MC. *stands on the seat at* R. 2 E.; *shouts.*)

Go for him, O'Rafferty! (*Claps his hands.*)

(*Drop curtain on First Act.*)

ACT II., SCENE 1. — *Depot in* 3. *In seats at* R. 1 *and* 2 E., LAWYER *and* SOPHIA, HANS *and* MARIA. *Trunk standing on end at* L. 2 E. AH SING *sitting on top of it, asleep.* DICK *sitting on another trunk at* L. 1 E. *Ticket Office at* C. F.; *door in* R. F. COPPER *walking back and forth across stage.* MCCARTHY'S *trunk at* R. 3 E.

HANS (*to* MAR.). Ya! dot Irishman he make all dot trouble!

LAW. (*to* SOPH.). Yes. You see we have considerable influence with the officers of the law. Of course, if I had not interceded for O'Rafferty and the Dutchman, they would have been lodged in jail. Yes, a lawyer must be a man of great capacity. *We*, in fact, create, command, enforce, figure up, our bills, and the people pay.

(SOPH. *nods in assent.* DICK *and* AH *snore loudly.* COP. *taps* DICK *on the head with his club; exclaims.*)

Stop that fog horn!

(DICK *wakes up.* *Enter*, R. D. F., BAGGAGEMAN JIM, *lantern in hand.*)

COP (*to* JIM.) What time does that next train pull in?

JIM. 9:45. (*Enters ticket office.* *Exit*, L. 1 E., COP.)

(*Enter*, R. D. F., MCCARTHY *and* O'RAFFERTY *in stylish dress; both drunk.*)

MC. Here we are, O'Rafferty, an' Oi 'm a going to shave this dapoo.

O'RAFF. Oi say, McCarthy, you had better kape still.

MC. You had better kape still yourself; for you know you 're drunk.

JIM (*through ticket window*). Here, you fellows, keep still! Stop that noise!

O'RAFF. We 'll kape still when we kape still, and do n't you forget it!

(JIM *comes out of ticket office; exit* L. 3 E., *leaving lantern on the window.* O'RAFF. *takes lamp; staggers over to* HANS; *exclaims.*)

Tickets! (*Advances to* LAW.; *exclaims.*) Next station is [local]. (*Crosses to* DICK; *exclaims.*) Change cars for Africa! (*Slaps* DICK *across the face. He wakes up.*)

(*Enter*, L. 3 E., JIM; *exclaims to* O'RAFF.)

Now, you behave yourself — give me that light!

O'RAFF. The light or the lamp?

JIM. Give me that! (*Takes lamp; crosses to* MC.'S *trunk; at-*

takes check; comes back to C.; *pulls out watch.* O'RAFF. *exclaims.*)

Are you the baggageman here?

JIM. Yes.

O'RAFF. Who does that trunk belong to?

JIM. Michael McCarthy.

O'RAFF. Well, my name is O'Rafferty.

JIM. Well, what do you suppose I care?

O'RAFF. Oi do n't suppose you do care. But Oi want you to understand that Oi have an interest in that trunk.

MC. He lies! He 's only got an old vest in it that he spoiled at the picnic!

(JIM *laughs; exit* R. D. F.)

O'RAFF. Yes, an' Oi have a foine coat in it, too; and do n't you forget it!

DICK. Will you give it to me, mister?

O'RAFF. Yes: if you 're a good little b'y, Oi 'll give it to you. McCarthy, will you open that trunk?

DICK. Oh, I 'm a good little boy, I am! Yes, sir.

O'RAFF. McCarthy, will you open that trunk?

MC. No: Oi wo' n't!

O'RAFF. An' why?

MC. Because Oi do n't want to see you give away the last stitch you 've got. You have n't got a dacint suit av clothes!

O'RAFF. Oi 've more suits than you have!

MC. Yis: lawsuits with your neighbors!

O'RAFF. (*loudly*). Will you open that trunk?

MC. Oh, Oi might as well. (*Opens the trunk; throws coat on the floor; leaves trunk open.*)

O'RAFF. Faith! you throw that around as if it was no good! (*Picks it up.*)

MC. Well, it aint! (*Sits on trunk.*)

O'RAFF. It 's as good as yours!

MC. Yes: there 's more life in it!

O'RAFF. (*to* DICK). Come here, me b'y, and try it on. (DICK *takes the coat.*)

MC. Put some rat pizen on it, me b'y, and then it wo' n't run away from you.

O'RAFF. Say, you long-winded son av a jay bird, if you do n't shut up, Oi 'll stuff it down your throat!

MC. Do n't you call me a jail bird! There 's no feathers on me!

DICK. Say, boss, dis coat am all holes!

O'Raff. Well, me b'y, divil a hole was in that coat whin Oi put it in that trunk.

Mc. (*starting up*). Do you mane to say there 's any animile life in that trunk? (*Walks over to* O'Raff.)

(Law. *arises. To* Soph.). Excuse me, my dear, but I just happened to think of a little bill I owe McCarthy; and while I think of it, I guess I had better pay him. It 's only a hundred or so. (Soph. *nods, smiles.* Law. *advances to* O'Raff. *and*; Mc. *exclaims.*) I hope you will excuse me, gentlemen; but in your conversation, I believe you mentioned a lawsuit. Can I be of any service?

O'Raff. Well, you might, if you have the necessary ability.

Law. Ah, believe me, my friend, I never *fail.* State your case, *sir.*

O'Raff. Oh, it 's wid the railroads. Dang 'em all! Oi think Oi 'll take all my interest out av them! Sure, Oi do n't make over seventy thousand a year at the best. It 's more bother than it 's worth!

Mc. Oh, what a steer! (*Kicks the trunk; it falls;* Ah *falls off.* Mc. *sits down on the trunk.*)

Ah. Smarte! smarte! (*Sits down with* Dick.)

O'Raff. Stop your noise! (*To* Law.). You see last year Oi was one of the directors; and betwixt the whole av them, they managed to swindle me out av two million dollars.

(Mc., *shaking, exclaims.*)

O'Rafferty, have mercy on me!

Law. Bah! (*Turns away.*)

O'Raff. (*indignant.*) Oh, ho! Well, if that 's too big for you, Oi 'll give you something smaller. (*To* Law.) Come here. (*Calls him over; looks at* Mc.; *exclaims.*) Oi 'll change your tune for you.

Law. Well, what is it? — a little sense this time, I hope.

O'Raff. Yes: dollars, if you are smart enough to make 'em.

Law. That 's my name. Spit it out.

O'Raff. (*points to* Mc.). He 's in trouble.

Law. Who? McCarthy?

O'Raff. Yis.

Law. It does n't seem to have much effect on him.

O'Raff. Oh, me friend, he 's trying to hide it under the watery veil of beer and whiskey.

Law. Well, well! Go ahead. Give me the history of it.

O'Raff. That 's what I 'm doing.

Law. What?

O'Raff. Giving you *his story* av it. (*Points to* Mc.)

Law. My friend, if you have anything to tell me me that will put an honest penny in my pocket, please do it. But do n't throw any more historical puns at *me.* Now, then, what 's the trouble?

O'Raff. Oh, it 's with his woife! Poor divil!

Law. Is that so?

O'Raff. Yis: they do n't get along at all. He says that she is breaking his heart and she says that he is breaking her back. And now he 's looking for a divorce; but between you an' Oi and the other party, Oi think that he 's to blame for the whole business. Of course, Oi had nothing to do wid it—only as far as sociability was concerned. There was only one time that he managed to catch —I—I—mane—that is—that Oi was in company with the lady, and that one fine summer's evening, she stopped in at the house to see me woife. You know me woife and her are relations—distant. That is, me woife was related to the King av Ulster; an' the King of Ulster happened to pass through Mrs. McCarthy's mother's back yard the day that Mrs. McCarthy Dewyer was born. So, of course, me woife and her were always sociable. Well, anyway, about nine o'clock, she started to go home, an' me woife—well, she started me along wid her, as she had a purty lonely walk, an', of course, as long as *Oi* was wid her, she knew that no harm would come to her. Well, as we were nearing Mr. McCarthy's polashial residence, he spied her out av the kitchen windy, and his soul was filled wid jealousy and rage; and whin the poor woman got inside the door, the first welcome she received was the bootjack, next he presented her with a chair, and the next thing he got a hold av was the kitchen; and whin the poor woman saw that, for fear av her life she started out; and she 's been at my house ever since.

(O'Raff. *clasps his hands; rolls his eyes.*)

Oh, it 's horrible!

Law. Oh, it must be! But it 's a rather delicate subject.

O'Raff. Oh, she 'd been worse, if she 'd stayed there!

Law. I do n't know how to approach him on that subject.

O'Raff. Why, walk, av course.

Law. Oh, I mean in regard to his trouble.

O'Raff. Well, now Oi 'll tell you. You must sympathize with him—tell him how sorry you are for his trouble and that the bateing av his woife was something that almost any man would do under like circumstances. An' even if his woife is stopping under O'Rafferty's roof, he must n't mind it for a while.

Law. Oh, that gives me an idea! I have it now!

O'Raff. (*aside*). Faith, if you aint got it now, you will have it soon!

(O'Raff. *sits on the edge of* Mc.'s *trunk, winking and smiling at* Mar. Hans *looks very mad. Enter* R. D. F., Cop.; *stands behind* O'Raff.; *watches him.* Law. *approaches* Mc.; *exclaims.*)

Mr. McCarthy, I wish to speak with you. Of course you know me and know that my profession is that of a lawyer.

Mc. Oh, you 're a lawyer, are you? Then be very *brief*.

LAW. I wish to assist you, I sympathize with you in all your troubles, and I wish to aid and help you through them. Of course we all know that it 's a rather deplorable and continual occurrence — this family fighting; an' in my belief an' opinion — which I give you honestly and candidly — I think that the only remedy is full and final separation. (MC. *looks at him.*) So, if you feel like placing your troubles in my hands and trusting to my ability, I will guarantee to procure a bill of divorce for you, an' if necessary, prosecute your wife to the full extent of the law.

(MC. *stands up; looks at him; exclaims aside.*)

Oh, Lord, prosecute me woife! Listen!

LAW. (*continuing*). An' as far as her stopping at O'Rafferty's is concerned, — ha! ha! why, I would n't give it a thought! It 's an advantage to you in two ways: First is, while she stops there, you wo' n't be at the expense of supporting her. Secondly, it furnishes you with the most valuable evidence for your divorce. Do n't you see?

(MC. *hits him; he falls.* O'RAFF. *gives a start; shouts.*)

He 's got it now! (*Falls back in the trunk.* COP. *starts for* MC. *They all follow except* HANS, *who kicks and punches at* O'RAFF. *in the trunk.* MC. *to* LAW., *who is yet on the floor.*)

Tell me Oi lick me woife, will ye? Oi 'll bate the divil out av you!

COP. What the divil are you doing?

MC. He 's slandering my character!

LAW. Well, O'Rafferty said so.

(*They all turn; look at* O'RAFF. COP. *shouts to* HANS.)

Here, you lager-loving son av a Dutchman, what are you doing? (*Runs over.*)

O'RAFF. Oh, take me out av the trunk!

(COP. *pulls him out.* LAW. *gets up.* O'RAFF. *walks over to ticket office; leans against it and laughs; looks at* LAW.; *exclaims.*)

What did you get that time — a historical pun, or a hysterical punch? Oh, Moses! Ha! ha! ha!

(*He slides down on* L. *side of ticket office; laughs. Enter* R. D. F., JIM; *shouts.*)

Train going west!

(*Enter ticket office. Bell rings in imitation of locomotive. They rush for ticket office.* COP. *stands in window; exclaims to* MC., *who is pushing the others.*)

One at a time, you big Irishman! Ladies first!

(SOPH. *and* MAR. *advance to box.* COP. *salutes them; places one hand on* SOPH.'S *head, the other on his breast; throws her head back; kisses her. She exclaims.*)

Oh, you naughty man!

COP. Oh, divil a bit. (*With a flourish.*) None but the brave deserve the fair.

(*They get their tickets; pass out.* MAR., *on passing the* COP., *exclaims.*)

Oh, you horrid beast! (*Exit,* R. D. F., *with* SOPH. COP. *exclaims.*)

Go on! Oi would n't kiss you, if your tongue hung out a mile.

(*They all get their tickets and exit,* R. D. F. COP. *follows, swinging his club and humming, "I 'm a Dandy, but I 'm No Dude."* JIM *comes out of ticket office; looks around; exclaims.*)

All gone, and no more trains for an hour. Now, if Jake will only be on time! He promised to come five minutes after this train left the depot! If I could open that safe without any help, I would get five thousand instead of half that. Well, I reckon that if the paymaster knew what was a-going to happen to-night, when he put that money there this morning — well, I do n't think that I 'd get any of it.

(*Noise at* R. D. F. JIM *opens it. Enter* JAKE *with satchel.*)

JIM. You are just in time. Not a soul around!

JAKE. Good! Then let me get at it.

JIM. Right this way! (*Leads him into ticket office.* O'RAFF. *gets up; rubs his eyes; exclaims.*)

Where — where — where the divil am Oi? Oh, Moses! Oi remember. Oi fell asleep, and they 've all gone off an' took the train with 'em!

(JIM *and* JAKE *come out of office.* JAKE *exclaims.*)

Here you are, extracted without pain.

JIM. Just two thousand five hundred, Jake. That 's what I want, a square half.

JAKE. Well, here you are. (*Hands him the money.*)

O'RAFF. How the divil am Oi going to get home?

JIM. What 's that?

JAKE. I heard somebody. I 'll swear to it!

(JIM *motions him to be silent; looks around box; sees* O'RAFF; *starts; beckons for* JAKE *to come. They creep up behind* O'RAFF.)

O'RAFF. Oh, Oi 'm in a divil av a muss! Now, how will Oi——

(*They catch him.* O'RAFF. *yells.*) Oh, murther! (*Falls on his knees.*) Oh! Oh! Oh!

JIM. Get up here! What do you mean by spying around here?

O'RAFF. (*looks*). Oh, is it you? Oh, ho! Bless your heart! Whin does the next train go?

JIM. Oh, that story wo' n't do!

JAKE. No: you bet it wo' n't do. This will do. (*Pulls out knife.*)

JIM. No: none of that. The job aint worth it.

JAKE. What will you do?

JIM. I have it.

JAKE. What?

JIM. Lock him in that trunk, an' the next train will take him up to the city, an' by that time we will be miles away.

O'RAFF. Oh, say, Oi 'd rather walk up! Oi want exercise.

JAKE. Well, just as you say. But do it quick!

(*They take hold of him; drag him over to trunk. He shouts.*)

Here, what are you going to do? Oi have n't done nothing. Let me go! You hear? (*He kicks. They throw him in; lock the trunk. Exit,* R. D. F., JIM *and* JAKE.)

O'RAFF. Oh, Moses! Oi 'm kilt! Oh! oh! oh, Lord! is there no way out of this? Oh, if Oi could only get me feet out, me hands out, or anything out! Oh! (*Kicks foot out.*) Oh! There you go! That 's one. Now, again! (*Kicks.*) Oh, my corns! Oh! (*Foot out.*) There you be! Oh, Oi might as well stop. All Oi can do is wait for the train. Oh, McCarthy, why did you ever get an iron-bound trunk? Well, Oi 'll be bound.

(*Bell rings; noise in imitation of locomotive. Enter,* R. D. F., TRAINMAN; *sees trunk; catches hold of it; exclaims.*)

Is this all, Jim? (*Looks at ticket office; exclaims.*) Must be asleep.

(*Exit,* R. D. F., TRAINMAN *with trunk. Bell rings. A voice outside.*)

All aboard!

(*Train starts.*)

(*Drop curtain on Second Act.*)

Act III., Scene 1. — *Hotel office in* 3, *with* R. D. F.; *office desk at* L. 3 E.; *two chairs at* R. 2 E.; *two at* L. 2 E. McCarthy *discovered in chair at* R. 2 E. Landlord *behind desk.* Lawyer *leaning on desk.*

Law. Did you lose your trunk, McCarthy?

Mc. Yis, Oi lost me trunk, McCarthy.

Law. Was there anything in it?

Mc. None av your business!

Landlord. Never mind: it will be up (*Looks at his watch.*) on the next train. It 's due in five minutes.

Law. I wonder if that friend of yours will be up on this next train.

Mc. Do you want another case?

Law. Well, McCarthy, I should think that you would feel the loss of your trunk far more than the loss of your friend. You do n't need any sympathy, as far as his absence is concerned.

Mc. Oh, Oi do n't!

Law. No. I do n't believe it would cause a very great sensation, if he never returned.

Mc. Oh, indeed! Well, it might not, as far as the public is concerned; but as far as Michael McCarthy is concerned, you can bet that Mrs. O'Rafferty would make it mighty sensational for him. And you can bet that Oi, Michael McCarthy, do n't relish any thought of Mrs. O'Rafferty in that capacity.

(Law. *jumps up; shouts.*)

Ah!

(Mc. *and* Land. *start.* Mc. *exclaims.*)

What the divil ails him?

Land. He anticipates a drink.

(Law *lays his hat on the desk; puts his hand up to his head; exclaims.*)

Gentlemen, breathe ye not a word. My brain is working.

Mc. Is that it? Then it must have given you a great surprise.

(Law.'s *fingers commence to work on his head. Noise in imitation of telegraph instrument, very loud.*)

Land. What in the devil——

Mc. No: it 's in the lawyer.

(Law. *pulls out slip of paper; writes with one hand; works the other on his head. Sudden sound, rather sharp and loud.* Mc. *exclaims.*)

Oh, boys, what a whopper that must have been!

Land. He 'll get over it.

Mc. He 's crazy. (*Walks over to* R. D. F. Law. *stops. The noise ceases. He exclaims aside, and in a dramatic tone.*)

The plot is plotted. I will now repair to Mrs. O'Rafferty's, convince her that McCarthy is the cause of her husband's disappearance. That will avenge me against him, and place my name in the papers headed, "The celebrated Lawyer Lawsuit will prosecute in the celebrated murder case against the celebrated"—ah!—celebrated—ah!—— I will go—(*starts; stops; exclaims.*)—I will go! (*Exit,* R. D. F., Law., *pushing* Mc. *out of the way.*)

Land. Something up?

Mc. Yes: whiskey is up.

Land. Why do n't you keep it up?

Mc. Oi 'd rather put it down. (*He advances to desk. Bell rings outside. Enter,* L. 2 E., Hans; *shouts.*) Train 's going vest! (*Exit* R. D. F.)

Mc. (*to* Land.). Say, is that fellow your porter?

Land. No: my porter is down cellar, next barrel to the ale. That 's my clerk.

Mc. Why do n't you stuff him?

Land. He generally keeps pretty well filled up.

Mc. What, on your poker?

(*Enter,* R. D. F., Hans *with trunk.* O'Raff., *in the trunk, exclaims.*)

Aisy, now, aisy!

Hans (*to* Mc.). Did you speak?

Land. Who does that trunk belong to?

Hans. Muchul Muckkarty.

Mc. Not Muchul Muckkarty, Michael McCarthy.

Hans. Who said dot, you or me?

Mc. You said it.

Hans. Of course I said it. Vat vas it your business, if I said it?

Mc. Did n't Oi say you said it?

Hans. Did n't I say I said it?

(Hans *stands up the trunk at* R. D. F.; *starts for* Mc. *The trunk falls.* Mc. *yells.*)

Stop banging that trunk!

LAND. Yes: be more careful, Hans.

HANS. Vell, I could n't help it. I do n't throw it over. (*He stands the trunk at* R. C.; *exclaims.*) Vat do you put in dat trunk? Stones?

MC. Oi 'll put you in it in about a minute!

O'RAFF. (*in the trunk*). You do, an Oi 'll break your neck!

MC. Oh, you 'll break my neck, will you?

(MC. *starts for* HANS. *The trunk falls, and* MC. *falls over it.* HANS *stands against* R. D. F., *laughing. The door opens suddenly from the outside.* HANS *falls out. Enter,* R. D. F., DICK, *running; jumps over* HANS *and falls over the trunk. Enter,* R. D. F., COP., *who is pursuing* DICK; *he falls over* HANS, *who is on his hands and knees.* MC. *picks up the trunk; advances to desk. Music. The trunk dances around the stage. They get up; look at it; yell. Exit* DICK L. 2 E.; LAND. L. 3 E.; MC. R. 2 E.; *falls over the chairs;* HANS R. 3 E.; COP. R. D. F. *Music ceases.* O'RAFF. *stops at* C.; *exclaims.*)

O'Rafferty, you 're raising the divil! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Here Oi am, locked up in this trunk, with nothing out but me feet. An' Oi moight have been out an hour ago. But what 's the use? Oi moight just as well have a little fun; and besides, Oi 'll have a laugh on McCarthy.

(*Music, dance. Enter,* R. D. F., AH SING, *very drunk, with the long black bottle; he dances around the stage, holding up bottle, looking at it in a very affectionate manner. The trunk follows him. At* C., *he turns and sees the trunk; shouts.*)

Oh!

(*He starts for* R. 2 E. MC. *meets him in* E.; *shouts.*)

Oh, the divil!

(MC. *runs back.* AH *gives sudden jump; turns; starts for* L. 2 E.; *meets* DICK *in* E. DICK *yells.*)

Fo' de Lawd's sake! (*And runs back.*)

(AH *starts for* R. 3 E. *Trunk falls at* C. AH *falls over it; jumps up; runs to* R. 3 E.; *meets* HANS *in* E. HANS *yells.*)

Dunder and blitzen! (*Runs back.*)

(AH *starts for* R. D. F. *Enter* COP. AH *falls.* COP. *takes him by the feet; drags him out,* AH *holding the bottle up with both hands. Music stops.* O'RAFF. *at* C. *exclaims.*)

Well, Oi 've raised a divil av a disturbance, Oi have. Oi 'm small, but oh, gosh! give me room—give me a whole hotel! If I could raise myself, Oi 'd be all right; but Oi suppose Oi 'll have to wait until somebody picks me up.

(LAND.'s *head appears at* L. 3 E.; MC. *at* R. 2 E.; HANS *at* R. 3 E. LAND. *exclaims.*)

Wha — what 's the matter?

HANS. Ya! vat 's de matter?

(*All enter.*)

MC. Well, Oi 'm sure Oi can 't tell you. Oi 've been out for the last half hour.

LAND. Yes, I guess we 've all been out. (*Looks around; exclaims.*) We—wher—where is the trunk, Hans?

HANS. Right out there. Pick him up, Muckkarty.

MC. Oh! Eh? Pick it up yourself. Oi ain't the porter for this hotel.

HANS. Vell, no. If you vas, you 'd drink yourself to death.

(HANS *advances to the trunk; very slowly picks it up.* MC. *advances to desk; exclaims.*)

Give me a room.

HANS. Ve ain't giving avay rooms.

DICK. What do you want to do with it?

MC. Oi want to sleep in it. You do n't suppose Oi want to ate it!

HANS. Say, Irish, vould n't you rather sleep in a bed?

MC. (*loudly*). Say, can Oi sleep here tonight?

HANS. No: you can sleep upstairs. (*Points up.*)

LAND. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Please register.

(LAND. *shoves out register.* MC. *takes pen; commences to write.* LAND. *and* HANS *crowd up and look;* MC. *exclaims.*)

Say, do you want this room or do Oi.

LAND. Go on and register.

(MC. *writes his name; exclaims.*)

Show me my room.

LAND. Let 's see, number 26 — show him up, Hans. Do you want your trunk taken up?

MC. Oi do.

LAND. Hans! (*Points to the trunk.*)

(HANS *advances to trunk: takes hold of it.* MC., *starting towards him, exclaims.*)

Now, handle that aisy!

(HANS *drags trunk.* MC. *starts for him; exclaims.*)

Do you hear me?

(*The trunk falls, knocking* HANS *down.* MC., *who is rushing towards him, falls over it.*)

(*Drop on First Scene in Act* III.)

SCENE 2. — *Hotel Corridor in* 1 *with* R. *and* L. D. F. *Down lights.* O'RAFF.'S *voice is heard outside of* R. 1 E.

Go on, go on, you conglomeration av pork! If you do n't Oi 'll fall on you.

(HANS'S *voice.*) Oh, mine Gott! Dot trunk was spooked!

(*Noise as if falling down stairs. Enter,* R. 1 E., O'RAFF. *in trunk;*

looks; exclaims.)

Well, Oi wonder which of those is McCarthy's room. Oh, but ain't Oi having the divil av a toime? Oi 'll go in now and have some fun with McCarthy, and then Oi 'll tell him all about the whole business. Oh, what a laugh Oi 'll have! (*Looks at door.*) Oi wonder what one is the right one. Well, Oi can soon find out. (*Shouts.*) McCarthy, you are a thafe of the world! Your father stole sheep, and your brother was hung!

(Mc.'s *head appears at* L. D. F.; *looks around; steps out. Dress, shirt and pants, in his stocking feet, club in his hand. Exclaims.*)

Oi thought Oi heard a whisper. Oh, ho! There 's me trunk. Well, now, the laziness av some people goes far beyond any mention that Oi could mention! Well, Oi suppose Oi must draw it in meself. (*Takes hold of trunk; draws it as far as the door. It refuses to move. He steps inside and pulls. It gives. He falls inside, bringing the trunk with him. Door shuts.*)

(*Raise on* SCENE 3.)

Bedroom in 3. *Bed at* L. F. 3 E.; *door at* C. F.; *washstand at head of bed, with pitcher.* MC. *discovered sitting at* R. *of stand, feet on top of trunk, smoking clay pipe; exclaims.*

Well, Oi wonder where O'Rafferty is. Oh, Lord! How his wife will lay it onto him! (*Trunk shifts uneasily.*) Me partner is bad enough, but Oi 'd hate to be tied down to her —— (*Trunk moves.*) Well, Oi 've been raising the divil for the last three days — and that's a queer expression — raising the divil for the last three days. Now, what the divil would the last three days want with the divil? Oi 'll give it up. Sure, this is the only rest Oi 've had for three days; an' now Oi 'm going to have a good square smoke, an' then go to bed. (*Puffs at his pipe.*) Faith, you can talk about luxuries, an' your knickknacks; but there 's nothing like a solid smoke.

(*The trunk rises up, throwing* MC. *back and tipping him out of the chair. He shouts.*)

Hur' rup, blazes! (*Sits on the floor; rubs his head.*)

(*Enter*, C. D. F., JANE; *courtesies; exclaims.*)

Did you ring, sir?

MC. *Ring!* No: Oi did n't ring. Oi struck me head against that stand, an' Oi 've been laying senseless for an hour.

JANE. Oh, then, it must have been your head; for I am sure I heard something ring! (*Exit* C. D. F.)

MC. Oh, you did! (*Gets up; looks around; exclaims.*)

Where 's me pipe? (*Picks a piece of it up; exclaims.*) Oh, this is it! Now, what will Oi do for a smoke?

O'Raff. Smoke your whiskers.

Mc. What the divil was that?

O'Raff. McCarthy, your overalls is loose.

(Mc. *looks; advances to head of bed; looks behind it. The trunk follows; stops at* c. *of bed.* Mc. *looks around: sees it; exclaims.*)

How the divil is that? Was n't that trunk over there? Yes—eh?—no—yes, it was. No—no. (*Steps back; sits on bed; exclaims.*) Am Oi drunk, or have n't Oi sobered up yet? Sure, Oi 'm sweating like a horse. Oh, this is awful close! (*He arises; takes water pitcher; drinks; sets the pitcher down; gasps as though choking: places one hand at his throat, the other in his mouth; pulls out long piece of cloth: exclaims, as he sits down on bed.*) So was that close. Oh, Lord! Look at it! Does that belong to the house, or to one of the guests? (*Examines it.*) Why, it 's a towel!

O'Raff. That 's what Oi towld you.

(Mc. *stands up: exclaims.*)

This business is going just a little too far. Oi do n't propose that any man will hide in my bedroom for the purpose of springing any such puns on me. (*Runs his hand down his back: draws out a club: brandishes it: exclaims.*) Come out! You might just as well. Oi can find you if Oi want to. Come out! Be a man—(*aside*) an' Oi 'll make you a corpse. You wo' n't come out? Then Oi 'll go in! (*Goes around to foot of bed.*) Oi 'll fix you, if Oi get a wipe at you! (*Gets down on his knees.*)

O'Raff. Get out, you hypocrite!

Mc. Oh, ho! you snake, you divil! You insult me under me own bed! (*Shoves his head under the bed: strikes with the club and knocks the legs out from under the bed. It falls on him. He yells.*) Get off av me! Give me a show! Sure, Oi would n't fight that way! (*Drags himself out: yells.*) Now, take a-hold av me? Wha—t? Eh? eh? (*Looks around: shouts.*) Oh, Moses, this place is haunted! Oi 'll stay no longer! (*He starts for* c. d. f.)

(*Enter*, c. d. f., Cop.; *slaps* Mc. *on the shoulder: exclaims.*)

You are my prisoner!

Mc. Me? What for?

Cop. Oi arrest you, sir, on charges preferred by Mrs. O'Rafferty, whose husband has not been seen since he left the city in your

company three days ago. Come! (*Pulls him along.*)

Mc. Me? Eh? Why Oi 'm the best friend ——

(*Exit*, C. D. F., COP. *and* Mc.)

O'RAFF. Here! Hold on there! Oi ain't dead! Oh, Lord, they 've arrested him for killing me; an' here Oi 've been pestering the loife out av him for the last two hours! Oh, what shall Oi do?

(*Noise outside. Cries of fire.*)

O'RAFF. What the divil is that?

Voices outside. Fire! fire! Hotel on fire! Fire! fire!

O'RAFF. Oh, Lord! the hotel is on fire! Oi 'm lost! Oi 'm lost! Oh, please remove this trunk!

(*Enter*, C. D. F., *two firemen.*)

FIRST FIREMAN. Here, Jim, carry that spittoon down stairs, and throw this stand out of the window—no, take that quilt—hold on! Take that water pitcher. No: help me dump this trunk down stairs!

(*They take hold of the trunk.* O'RAFF. *yells.*)

Hold on! Hold on!

(*They carry it out through* C. D. F., *and give it a shove. Noise as if falling down stairs.*)

(*Drop Scene.*)

SCENE 4. — *Courtroom in* 4. JUDGE'S *bench at* C. F. DICK *and* AH SING *under bedquilts at* L. C. *Chairs and tables from the fire piled up at* R. 4 E. LAWYER'S *table at* L. C. O'RAFFERTY *in the trunk at* L. 3 E. *Prisoners' dock at* R. 2 E.

O'RAFF. Oh, if Oi only had a little Jamaica ginger! Oi 'm all stirred up. Eh, somebody coming? Oi 'll keep still.

(*Enter*, R. 1 E., COPPER MCGRAW, *with* MCCARTHY *handcuffed.*)

Mc. Whin does this menagerie open?

COP. Oh, 't will be open soon enough for you!

(O'RAFF. *crosses to* LAW.'S *table; exclaims aside.*)

Oh, ho! So they are a-going to examine him this morning, are they? Well, Mr. McCarthy, maybe you wo' n't be so fresh with your killing machine after this. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

(COP. *starts; exclaims.*)

Did n't you hear somebody laugh?

Mc. Oi 'd loike to catch somebody laughing.

(*Enter*, L. 2 E., LAW., *roll of paper under his arm; stops at table; looks at* Mc.; *advances to* COP.; *exclaims.*)

Oh, this is the criminal, the murderer, Mr. McCarthy.

COP. (*loudly*). It is!

LAW. Ahem, ahem. Too bad! It is a pity that such a healthy, ableb odied man must be hung, when he might be of a vast amount of importance and usefulness, if working on the corporation.

COP. (*loudly*). It is!

(Mc. *jumps at the* Law., *dragging the* Cop. *with him; shouts.*)

Oh, you baste! you — you ——

Cop. What the divil ails you? Stand you still, now, or Oi 'll break your head.

Law. Do n't get excited, McCarthy. Mrs. O'Rafferty is paying me very poorly, and who knows but what I might — that is, for due consideration of my ability as a lawyer, I might be induced to take up your case.

Mc. You will?

Law. For a consideration.

Mc. What is the consideration? How much is it a pound?

Law. Five hundred dollars. For that amount, I will guarantee to clean it all up for you.

Mc. Done! Give me a pound of it.

Law. No: it is not done. When it is done, I will give you a receipt for the money. Now, just walk over here. I wish to examine you.

(Law. *advances to table; sits down.* Mc. *follows;* Law. *exclaims.*)

Now, sir, answer, and answer truthfully, all the questions I may see fit to ask. Now, then, what is your name?

Mc. Michael McCarthy.

(Law. *writes; exclaims.*)

Very good. What was your maiden name? Oh! — eh? — excuse me.

(Cop. *laughs.* Law. *writes after each question.*)

Law. What was O'Rafferty doing when last you saw him?

Mc. Taking a drink.

Law. Quite commendable. Who — who is the smartest lawyer in this state?

(Mc. *turns to* Cop.; *whispers; exclaims.*)

Lawyer Lawsuit.

Law. It is too well known to be recorded.

(Cop. *laughs.* Law. *looks at him; exclaims.*)

When you was with O'Rafferty, how was he dressed? What was the color of his coat?

Mc. It was black.

Law. His pantaloons?

Mc. Well, the complexion av his pantaloons was rather blue.

Law. Are you sure?

Mc. Well, Oi ought to be. They were mine.

O'Raff. He lies! he lies!

(Law. *jumps; exclaims.*)

Who dares? who dares?

(Cop. *laughs.*)

Law. Now, this business has got to be stopped! I want everybody to distinctly understand that I am to be treated with respect.

O'Raff. What 's the matter with whiskey?

Law. What 's that? What 's that?

(Cop. *laughs.*)

Law. Gentlemen, make no remarks of an ambiguous character. It worries and disturbs me.

(Cop. *laughs. Enter*, L. 2 E., Judge Brown; *stands behind* Law.)

Cop. (*to* Mc.). Bejabers! There 's Judge Brown.

Law. Now, sir, in what condition were you, when you last saw O'Rafferty?

Mc. Must Oi answer that question?

Cop. Yis, sor. Oh, yis!

Law. (*to* Cop.). Order, sir, order! I want you to remember that, just at present, it is *I*, not you. Now, then, Mr. McCarthy, answer my question.

Mc. Well, sor, Oi — Oi — that is ——

O'Raff. He was drunk.

Law. Who was that? Now, I 'd like to know who is running this.

Judge. Yes: that 's what I 'd like to know. Yes, yes. Who is running this? By what right, by what authority do you come in here and proceed to open court during my absence? Eh?

Law. By that right which every man of my ability has.

(Judge *crosses to opposite side of table; exclaims.*)

Ability! You do n't know the meaning of the word!

Law. What, you miserable old blasphemer of all that 's good and holy, I know more than you ever thought of knowing!

Judge. I 'll fine you twenty dollars for contempt of court.

Law. You can 't do it. You are not holding court. I was only examining my client.

Judge. Oh, this is your client now, is it? So you have gone over to the other side, have you? Just what I always thought — a regular slider.

Law. What, you dusty, old, petrified blockhead, you do n't know enough to be a slider!

Judge. I 'll fine you for contempt of court!

Law. You can 't do it. The court is n't open.

Judge. Then I 'll open it. I 'll fix you!

(*Gets behind bench; commences to talk.* Law. *drowns his voice; exclaims, while waving his arms.*)

Open your court! open your court! It do n't amount to any more than you do! Open it up an' I 'll paralyze it with my eloquence!

Judge (*shouts*). Court is open! Now, why do n't you spout? why do n't you preach now? — eh? — why do n't you swell up?

Law. (*very polite*). Your Honor, I would most respectfully beg that you call the case of O'Rafferty *vs.* McCarthy.

JUDGE. Ahem! ahem! Oh, so that 's your game, is it? Very well, Lawyer Lawsuit, I will do so. (*To* COP.) I will examine the prisoner. Place him in the dock.

MC. Where 's Mrs. O'Rafferty?

JUDGE. Mrs. O'Rafferty is very ill. Her husband's disappearance gave her such a shock that she is not expected to live.

O'RAFF. Good, bejabers! Whoop!

JUDGE. What! you are not satisfied with killing her husband! You also wish for her death!

MC. Me? Why, Oi never said a word.

LAW. How do you know that he is n't satisfied with killing her husband?

JUDGE. I think so.

LAW. How do you know that he has killed her husband?

JUDGE. I think so.

LAW. You have no right to think.

JUDGE. Say, will you shut up until I examine the prisoner?

LAW. No, sir: I will not stop. I came here in the cause of justice. I am here in the cause of justice, an' I am justified in being here in the cause of justice. I — eh — am — eh — Justice ——

JUDGE. Oh, you are! Well, now, you open your mouth again before I open mine, and I 'll fine you for contempt of court. (*To* MC.) Michael McCarthy, you are charged with being the cause of Terrence O'Rafferty's sudden and mysterious disappearance. Are you guilty or not guilty?

LAW. One moment!

(*Crosses to* MC.; *whispers.* COP. *tries to push him away.*)

MC. Not guilty.

JUDGE. Where was he the last time you saw him?

LAW. I object. He is n't in a fit condition to be examined.

JUDGE. Then put him in condition.

LAW. Officer, remove those irons.

COP. No, sir: not until Oi get a written order from the court.

LAW. And must the prisoner suffer, while the court is learning how to write?

JUDGE. What, you rusty heap of ignorance! You dare to insinuate that I, Judge Brown, can not write — I who was winning my first case, when you were working in a brickyard.

(DICK *and* AH *both stand up; throw the quilts off; rub their eyes; throw their arms around each other and kiss.*)

JUDGE. What the devil is that?

(DICK *and* AH *look around; see* LAW.; *both drop on their knees.* DICK *exclaims to* LAW.)

Oh, mister, we did n't know we was here. Why, we went to bed over in the hotel, did n't we Singy?

AH. Yes: alle samee likee Melican man, no takee off a boots.

LAW. Well, never mind. While you are here, you are under my protection.

(JUDGE *very quietly picks up a book; throws it at the* LAW.; *exclaims.*)

Just you please to remember that I am the presiding officer; and if any liberties are to be granted, I will grant them.

LAW. How dare you ——

JUDGE. Order! Order in the court!

(*While the* JUDGE *is talking,* O'RAFF. *steps up beside him on the bench. The* JUDGE *continues.*)

What do you mean by such outrageous conduct? Do n't you know — are you not aware that I am presiding? Order will and shall prevail, and ——

(O'RAFF. *gives him a push; he turns; sees the trunk; yells: jumps and falls over the bench.* LAW. *starts for* L. 2 E.; *meets the* JUDGE *at* C.; *they fall. Trunk follows. Exit,* R. 2 E., MC.; R. D. F., COP. DICK *and* AH *crawl under the quilts. Exit,* L. 2 E., JUDGE *and* LAW. O'RAFF. *advances to* C.; *exclaims.*)

McCarthy, where are you?

MC. Right where I 'm going to stay.

O'RAFF. Oi 've had enough. Come and let me out.

MC. So have Oi had enough, and I 'm going to stay out.

O'RAFF. Come here. It 's me, O'Rafferty.

(MC.'s *head appears at* R. 2 E.; JUDGE'S *and* LAW.'S *at* L. 2 E.; COP.'S *at* R. D. F.)

LAW. Who is it?

O'RAFF. It 's O'Rafferty, the man who is half dead.

JUDGE. Well, stay there until the other half is dead.

O'RAFF. (*yells*). Say, McCarthy, will you open this trunk? Oi have n't tasted a morsel since Oi last had something to eat.

MC. Divil a finger will Oi lay on that trunk — not if you always got enough to eat. If anybody wants to risk it, here 's the keys.

COP. Give me the kays. I know no fear.

MC. All right: your head be on your own blood. (*Hands him the keys.*)

(COP. *takes them; advances to trunk. They all enter.* COP. *takes hold of the trunk. It falls on the quilts.* DICK *and* AH *yell; get out from under the quilts.* COP. *jumps back; drops the keys. They all start.*)

MC. (*to* DICK.) Here, me boy, bring me them kays. Do n't be afraid. Oi wo' n't let anybody hurt you.

(DICK *brings him the keys.* MC. *exclaims.*)

There 's me trunk over there. Oi 've a coat in it, and there 's some cigars in the coat. I want to smoke. Get me the coat; and whin Oi get the cigars out av it, Oi 'll give it to you. (*Gives him the keys.*)

DICK. Why do n't you come in and get it.

MC. Oh, sure Oi 'm playing tag with the copper, an' I do n't want to get caught.

DICK. Oh, nice game, ain't it? I play once in a while, myself. (*Advances to trunk; opens it; throws back the top;* O'RAFF. *gives sudden spring out of the trunk.* DICK *yells. Exit*, R. 1 E.)

MC. Bejabers, it 's O'Rafferty!

LAW. Why, so it is!

MC. How the divil did you come to get in the trunk? (*Shake hands.*)

O'RAFF. (*staggering*). Oh, do n't be talking! Did you hear about the robbery at the dapoo below?

Chorus. Yes.

O'RAFF. Well, that 's what kept me. Sure, Oi knew they were coming; and Oi did n't want to tell you about it. Oi knew it would scare the girls; so Oi just stepped one side and let ye all go, and Oi waited for 'em. Oh, Oi never left the dapoo! No, sir, Oi stayed right there until they come — two of 'em; and Oi let them go ahead, until they got the money out; and then Oi tackled 'em: and, sir, Oi had both of 'em down and had me hand on the money, whin one of the divils up and blows on a little tin whistle, and in come tin more robbers.

LAW. Say four — it will sound better.

O'RAFF. Yes, as Oi was saying, the other four come in and downed me — oh, you need n't look! Sure, what could Oi do agin six men? Oi struggled wid 'em, but they got the best av me after a *while* and picks me up and dumps me in the trunk and locks it. In comes the trainman, puts me on the train, an' here Oi am.

(*Enter*, R. D. F., HANS; *stands in the door; exclaims.*)

I vant to say something.

JUDGE. Well, what is it?

HANS. Vos Muckkarty hung yet?

MC. Get out, you divil! (*Looks around for something to throw.*)

(HANS *advances to* C.; *sees* O'RAFF.; *exclaims.*)

I tought he vas died!

JUDGE. Why, no, he was locked in the trunk!

HANS. How him get here?

LAW. Put him on the train for baggage.

HANS. Dunder and blitzen! I vould gif slust fife dollar, of dot train vos got all smashed up.

JUDGE. Mr. McCarthy, permit me to congratulate you upon your narrow escape from hanging.

LAW. For which you may thank me. Of course I do n't expect that you will pay the full price; but I 'll throw off four ninety, and we 'll call it an even ten dollars.

O'RAFF. Yes, and then we 'll spend the tin dollars.

(AH *advances, very familiar ; exclaims.*)

Yes, alle samee have big racket.

Mc. Well, boys, the hotel is burnt out. So we can 't go there ; but we 'll all go up to my house and celebrate. And you, O'Rafferty, always remember that two old "CHUMS" should never play jokes on one another.

(*Drop curtain on Third and Last Act.*)

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